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IN THE PATH OF NAPOLEON

100 Years After His Downfall

By JAMES MORGAN

THE BATTLE OF THE THREE EMPERORS

The story today is of the most famous of Napoleon's victories, the battle of Austerlitz, seen in its true background among the hills of Moravia, which Mr. Morgan visited and studied in the course of his journey "In the Path of Napoleon."

If Napoleon won the imperial crown at Marengo, he defended it and vindicated his title to it at Austerlitz, where it was challenged by two Emperors.

There "the sun of Austerlitz" shone upon Napoleon at the climax of his most brilliant campaign, in which he destroyed two armies of more than 80,000 men each in less than three months.

THE SUN OF AUSTERLITZ

DATES AND EVENTS—AGE 36.

Nov. 16, 1805. Napoleon left Vienna.
Nov. 16, 1805. Murat's battle at Hollabrunn.
Nov. 20, 1805. Napoleon at Brunn.
Nov. 27, 1805. Allies advanced toward him.
Dec. 1, 1805. Celebration of the first anniversary of the coronation.
Dec. 2, 1805. The battle of Austerlitz.
Dec. 4, 1805. Meeting of Emperors Napoleon and Francis.
Dec. 26, 1805. The peace of Pressburg.

SOME great battle fields are like some great men; the closer you come to them the smaller they appear.

Austerlitz and the sun of Austerlitz, for example, are known to every schoolboy in the Western Hemisphere. They spell success the world round, just as Waterloo is synonymous with defeat. Yet the nearer Austerlitz is approached, the more obscure it becomes. It is not even a dot on the official railway map of Austria.

At Brunn, in whose Austrian castle Silvio Pellico, the Italian patriot-prisoner, wrote his sad and moving tale, "My Prisons," and where Napoleon's army made its headquarters in the opening winter of 1805, the guide books and the hotel people, with all their volubility about the surrounding attractions and neighboring excursions, are dumb concerning Austerlitz, fifteen miles away. And even the 3,500 inhabitants of the village itself have to think twice before they can call to mind the name by which their little town is celebrated on the pages of history. For they are mostly Slavs who speak the Czech or Bohemian tongue, and they call their place Slavkova. Thus the shining name of Austerlitz, which is dimmer at Vienna than it is at San Francisco, vanishes quite at the gates of the town.

Not only is Austerlitz not Austerlitz, but there never was a battle of Austerlitz. For not a volley was fired within the limits of the town. Two Emperors rode out of the village one December morning to wrestle with a third Emperor in front of Austerlitz. But they did not fight in the town or for the town. It better suited Napoleon, however, to emphasize his victory by naming the battle for the village in which the two defeated Emperors had made their headquarters and to write his bulletin in the very room from which he drove them forth in the snow of a winter's night.

Baiting the Trap.

Napoleon not only named the battle to please his fancy, but he also chose the battle ground and even the battle day. He had been away from Paris hardly more than eight weeks when he first looked upon the field of Austerlitz. In those eight weeks he had destroyed an Austrian army of 80,000 on the Danube without a battle, taken Vienna, the capital of the Hapsburgs, without firing a shot, and had marched into Moravia, to meet another army of 85,000 Austrians and Russians which was accompanied by the Emperor Francis of Austria and the Czar Alexander.

Arrived at Brunn, the Moravian capital which lies at the foot of a castled hill ninety miles north of Vienna, the heir of the Revolution loudly clamored for peace to "my brother," the heir of Charles V, and "my brother," the heir of Peter the Great, who were at the camp of the allied army at Olmutz, some fifty miles north and near the Russian frontier. His appeals, as he shrewdly intended, were mistaken for a craven confession of weakness and fear and only served to embolden the imperial allies to give him battle, then and there, the very thing he was seeking.

For, above all, he did not wish to chase the enemy any farther. He was already 1,000 miles from home, with 85,000 Russians and Austrians in front of him, 80,000 Austrians behind him, and with 150,000 Prussians and Saxons marshaled and ready to join the alliance against him. He must have a battle at once and win a crushing victory or fall back.

When he saw the welcome signs that his two "brothers," Alexander and Francis, were sufficiently flattered in their conceit that they had caught him in a desperate plight and saw them preparing to smite him, he galloped out on the road to Olmutz for the purpose of getting the lay of the land between him and the enemy. Pausing at a point a dozen miles to the east of Brunn, he studied the scene in silence for some time.

In his strategic imagination Napoleon was fighting then the battle of Austerlitz, for the field of that great combat was spread before him. On the eastern horizon he saw the Little Carpathian Mountains rising to form the Hungarian frontier forty miles away; but his practiced eye lingered on the rolling plains and gentle hills, little dales and brooks, ponds and marshes lying in front of the village of Austerlitz.

The allies would come down the road from Olmutz, while his own outposts fell back before their advance and steadily drew them on to the battle ground, where his forces would be more than half concealed as they crouched behind a range of hills west of Austerlitz. Naturally and properly the allies would aim to get around him on the right or south, in their effort to cut his lines to Vienna and to Brunn and place themselves between him and those cities. Once they were behind him they could hope to effect a junction with the army of 80,000 Austrians, which was moving toward Vienna from Italy; they would recapture the Austrian capital and with an overwhelming force destroy the legions of France.

Napoleon, however, relied on their attempting, after the fashion of his foes to do the right thing in the wrong way. He knew they would flinch from staking everything on a single move and would not have the courage to throw themselves upon his right wing in a solid body. In their anxiety to make success certain they would make it impossible by sending only a part of their army against his right, while they sent another part against his left.

Moreover, he took note of the fact that their principal movement would have to be made across a brook and between a high hill and some ponds, natural conditions that would aid him to retard and embarrass them. And while they were striking at his two wings, he would hold the main body of his forces in his hand, ready to hurl it like a thunderbolt at their center and thus break their army in two. It would be the old story repeated so often on the fields of Napoleon's victories. His foes would divide to attack him while he united to attack them.

After he had finished fighting the battle in his fancy, as he sat in his saddle on the highroad, he turned to his waiting and watching staff. "Make a careful note of all these heights," he commanded. "It is here you will fight before two months are over." His only mistake was that the enemy did not wait two months but only two weeks to meet him on the ground he had chosen.

Luring the Prey.

The chief military commanders of the allied armies prudently counseled the adoption of a waiting policy and defensive measures until, by making a wide detour, the other Austrian army in the south had come to join them. But Emperor Francis was impatient to recover his lost capital and dominions, and the twenty-eight-year-old Czar was burning with eagerness to see a battle, as also were the young nobles who surrounded him. Many were certain that Napoleon had with him no more than 40,000 men.

The monarchs, therefore, taking matters in their own untrained hands, determined to move at once. Soon the allies came upon French outposts along the Brunn road, but these fled before them and left the way open to Austerlitz, where the two Emperors found a pleasant chateau for their headquarters. As the French retreated, the more eager spirits among the Russians grew fearful that the enemy would continue to refuse battle and finally make good his escape.

Nevertheless, the allies went on with their preparations for cutting off the French the next day, and at a midnight council an Austrian general stood up and confidently shouted out the plan of battle, while old Gen. Kutusof, the Russian commander, forgot in a sound sleep his disgust with the campaign that had been forced upon him, punctuating with his deep snores the loudly delivered orders of the Austrian.

For a Finish Fight.

Napoleon had been riding over the field all day and watching the position of the allies. From the hills behind which he had posted most of his 75,000 men he looked across a plain to the encampment of the enemy two miles in front of Austerlitz on the banks of a little river that flows to the west of the town.

Out of the plain between the two armies rose the big, steep hill of Pratzen, which any general in Europe except Napoleon would have seized upon as an admirable position to defend. But he had come to Moravia to destroy an army, not to hold a hill.

He left the hill, therefore, without a man on it in order that the allies might not be diverted from their nicely laid plans. He could have delivered "only an ordinary battle," from the hights of Pratzen, he informed those marshals who were surprised to see him neglect the tempting opportunity the hill offered him for the posting of troops and artillery.

An "ordinary battle" would necessarily have meant another battle afterward, and to Napoleon a war was not a series of sparring matches. On the contrary, he went into every battle with the purpose of fighting to a finish, and he meant now to end the war with one staggering blow over the heart of his foe. "Whatever they may say, believe me," so ran a maxim to which he remained faithful, "a man fights with cannon as with his fists."

Even while he gazed at the plain, he saw the left wing of the allied army pushing all the time toward the southerly foot of the hill, and he remarked in a tone of quiet rejoicing: "Before tomorrow night that army will be mine." It was beginning the operation which would expose its heart to his blow.

When he sat down to eat his dinner in the warmth of the bivouac fire, he called his corps of commanders about him and gave them a detailed schedule of their movements the next morning. He had already sent off a courier to Talleyrand at Vienna, requesting the minister to dispatch word to Paris that he was bivouacking in the midst of his grenadiers and writing on his knee, but he abjured him not to speak of the impending engagement, "for that would disquiet my wife too much."

So clearly did he foresee the character of the battle, he took his entire army into his confidence and in his proclamation, which was read at the head of every battalion, he made this extraordinary announcement: "We occupy a formidable position, and while the Russians and Austrians are marching to turn my right wing, their flank will lie open to us."

This comradic frankness was followed in the proclamation by a remarkable pledge. Most commanders, when seeking to inspire their men, promise to share their perils. Napoleon adopted the other course and appealed to his soldiers to be his shield, his protectors from danger. This bulletin is documentary evidence of the affection and loyalty in which the grand army held its commander-in-chief:

"Soldiers, I, myself, will direct all your battalions. If with your accustomed bravery you carry disorder and confusion into the enemy's ranks I shall hold myself distant from the fire. But should victory for a moment seem doubtful, you shall see your Emperor expose himself to the foremost strokes."

A Busy Night.

A very dark night fell upon the field. Through the hazy mist Napoleon saw the enemy's lights gleaming dimly; but he had the French fires put out in order that his position might not be disclosed. His bivouac had been set up on a hill not far from the highroad, between Brunn and Austerlitz and five miles from the headquarters of the allies. That imperial habitation was only a miserable hut made of straw and the limbs of trees, with a hole in the roof to let the smoke ascend from the fire—it was a cold first of December.

After a brief sleep in the evening, the Emperor rose to take one more view of his own lines and those of his foe. As he walked past his silent army, one of his escorts lighted his way with a torch. The sentries seeing his face in the flickering glare raised a cry of "Vive l'Empereur" which ran through the camp and roused the sleeping soldiers from their dreams of la Belle France. As they struggled to their feet and shook themselves awake, they pulled the straw from their beds on the frozen ground and lighting it, tens of thousands of torches soon were flaring in the inky blackness of the night, while the thunderous cheers of the grand army rolled among the hills.

A Torchlight Parade.

The sudden burst of flame and shouting roused the Russians and Austrians and some of their chiefs were alarmed anew lest the demonstration were a ruse to cover the retreat of the French. But the army was really celebrating Napoleon's coronation. Some one had passed the word that it was the night before the anniversary; the empire was one year old and its defenders, joined in a joyous celebration of its first birthday.

In their jubilation, they forgot their hunger, for nothing but bread had been issued in forty-eight hours, one huge loaf for every eight men. Napoleon, seeing potatoes roasting in a fire, stooped over and picked one of them out. As he ate it he asked a grenadier between bites, "How do you like these pigeons?" "Humph," the man replied, "they are better than nothing, but too much like Lenten food." "Well, old man," the Emperor promised, "help me to dislodge those rascals over there and we will have a Mardi Gras at Vienna."

A grenadier came up and said, "Sire, thou hast no need to expose thyself. I promise thee in the name of the grenadiers that thou shalt have to fight but with thine eyes and that we will bring thee tomorrow the flags and the guns of the Russians to celebrate the anniversary of thy crowning." As Napoleon returned to his hut on the hill, he exclaimed, "This is the finest night of my life."

While he was in his second sleep, Gen. Savary entered the bivouac at 1 o'clock and shook him by the shoulder. The Russians were advancing still further toward the right wing of the French. Napoleon was quickly on the white back of Marengo and galloping through the night. Having satisfied himself that there was no danger of an attack before daylight, he returned to his bivouac where Constant, his valet, again wrapped him up on his straw bed, while his suite drew their cloaks about them and flung themselves on the ground by the fire in front of the hut.

At 4 o'clock he was awake again and calling for a drink of punch. Constant says he would have given the whole Austrian empire for another hour of sleep, but he rose and brewed the punch, after which he dressed the Emperor, putting on him the familiar gray overcoat.

The day of Austerlitz had broken cold and gloomy, with the two armies lost in a thick fog. The grand army received its rations of soup and brandy, and the tumult of tens of thousands of troops of three empires, with their horses and wagons and artillery, soon filled the air as they blindly moved forward over the frosted white earth without seeing where they were going.

When, however, the marshals had gathered behind Napoleon, a flush spread over the Carpathian horizon and soon the sun—"the sun of Austerlitz"—shone upon them from the blue sky. As he stood on the brow of the hill in advance of his suite and alone, he eagerly watched the Russians emerging from a bank of fog and disappearing in another as they descended into a deep hollow beyond the farther slopes of Pratzen. They were so near him that without lifting his field glass he could distinguish the cavalry from the infantry.

His forecast of the battle was being verified, and to some passing regiments he exultantly shouted in his rich, full tones, which sent a thrill through the ranks: "Soldiers, we must finish this campaign with a thunderclap, that shall confound the pride of our enemies!" The response was a lusty roar of "Vive l'Empereur!" as the men lifted their hats on their bayonets.

Just then two men riding in front of a party of horsemen galloped along the road toward the village of Pratzen, near the foot of the big hill, one in a black uniform with a white plume and a chestnut horse, the other in a white uniform on a black horse. They were the allied Emperors, who had descended upon the field from their hill of observation close to the town of Austerlitz to see for themselves the cause of a great confusion among their troops. The presence of their majesties and the commands they gave stirred a tardy movement to occupy the still bare heights of Pratzen.

Waiting to Spring the Trap.

As Napoleon saw the Russians climbing the hill, he turned in his saddle and, breaking a long silence, quietly inquired, "Marshal Soult, how much time will you require to reach the heights of Pratzen?" "Less than twenty minutes, Sire," Soult replied. "My troops are ready at the bottom of the valley and covered with fog and the bivouac smoke, so that the enemy cannot see them."

After a moment's calculation, Napoleon said, "In that case, let us wait a quarter of an hour more." The longer he permitted the allies to go on with the movements that were weakening their center, the more he would profit by their mistake. They were embarked in a family operation and it was not for him to show them their error too soon.

Already he heard the echoes of heavy musketry firing from the direction of his threatened right wing, where Marshal Davoust was struggling by a brook to check the advance of 30,000 Russians and Austrians. Meanwhile the line of the allied center grew thinner and thinner and gaps and begun to appear in it here and there, for other thousands had been detached to assail the French left along the Brunn road.

It was not far from 9 o'clock when Napoleon decided that the time had come when he must let the allies see their mistake. He had drawn off the glove from his white, feminine right hand, and now waving it toward Pratzen, he gave the order to storm the heights. Soult's fog-wrapped battalions burst out of the valley at the western foot of the hill and racing up the steep slope in overwhelming numbers, spread panic among the Russian defenders, who had only just rallied up the opposite side. The Czar's green lines were quickly steadied by reenforcements, but Soult had twenty more battalions at his heels, and it was not long until the Russians were tumbled down the hill in a demoralized mob, abandoning their cannon where they were stalled in the mud of the thawing earth.

The French were masters of the heights of Pratzen, the Gibraltar of the field. Napoleon himself now moved nearer the disarmished center of the enemy, and as he passed Soult he leaned over and, stretching out his arm to embrace him, exclaimed, "My dear marshal, you are the best tactician in Europe!"

The firing line of the allies was flung out seven miles in length when, not far from noon, Napoleon began to make a deadly lunge at the enemy's weakened heart, the denuded center. The shock of the contest fell upon a picturesque little village along the line of the railroad that now crosses the battlefield on its way from Brunn toward Hungary. There Prince Murat and Marshal Bernadotte faced the Grand Duke Constantine of Russia, and there the flower of the martial youth of three empires fought.

The Imperial Guard of France, the Noble Guard of Russia, and the Chevalier Guards of Austria rolled back and forth over the field in the murderous fury of a hand-to-hand combat, a French guardsman, shrieking as he savagely ran his saber through a young Russian guardsman, "We will give the ladies of St. Petersburg something to cry for." After horrible sacrifices, the remnant of the Noble and the Chevalier Guards fled before the Gallic fury and Murat raced up to the very gate of Austerlitz. As the Grand Duke Constantine took flight from the lost field a Mameluke pursued him so hotly that the grand duke had to turn to beat him off. Only when a shot from Constantine had felled the horse of his pursuer, could he make good his escape.

In the, front ranks of the retreating soldiers, two men spurred their horses over a ditch, one wearing a white feather, the other a white uniform. They were the defeated Emperors. The Czar, who a few hours before was rosy with youth and confidence, now was pale, hollow-cheeked, and sunken-eyed; but Francis, who had been beaten so often by Napoleon, better concealed his agony.

The fatal blow had been delivered and had left an ugly gap three miles wide between the right and left wings of the allies. The army of the two Emperors was hopelessly cut in two.

Napoleon, seated on "Marengo," beside a little white chapel that still looks out upon the battle ground from a fir crowned height, was viewing the havoc he had wriught when Gen. Rapp dashed up, dripping with blood, a Russian prince as his prisoner and his escort bearing aloft many captured flags. The Mameluke, baffled of his grand ducal prey, came at the same time to explain his failure to catch Constantine and bring his head to the Emperor, while a wounded chasseur bearing a Russian standard presented himself and proudly stood attention for a moment before falling dead at Napoleon's feet. The Emperor ordered Gerard, the celebrated artist, to be certain to include the chasseur and the Mameluke as well as Rapp in his famous picture of that moment of triumph.

"Fire on the Ice!"

Meanwhile Soult had whirled to the aid of Davout, who was holding back the allies in their struggle to get around the French right and Vandamme had come in behind them. The roar of the artillery now shook the hills and great wreaths of smoke curled about them. The streets of the little villages which had been taken and retaken in the desperate fighting were choked with the dead and wounded, whose bodies had become a barricade against the advance of the allies.

Turning to flee from Davout and Soult in front of them, the Russians and Austrians found Vandamme in their rear, with the guns of Pratzen blazing at them on one side and ponds and marshes hemming them in on the other. They were caught in a cage and could only hurl themselves against its iron bars. Batteries were abandoned in a wild flight, and while some Russians did succeed in cutting their way through to Austerlitz, many thousands fled across the frozen ponds. They tried to drag their artillery after them, but the ice gave way under its weight, and they left everything behind to save themselves.

"Fire upon those masses," Napoleon commanded as he saw the Russians making good their escape; "they must be drowned. Fire upon the ice!" But the balls from the artillery on the side of Pratzen rolled harmlessly upon the frozen surface until some light howitzers were elevated and opened an almost perpendicular fire. The ice cracked under this assault and perhaps 2,000 of the Russians disappeared beneath it.

As they went down they ceased to be enemies in arms and became friends in need. With the quick reaction characteristic of warfare, the French turned rescuers. Marbot winning special praise from Napoleon by swimming out to a floe on which a Russian officer was floating.

A Night of Victory.

Night fell like a drop curtain on the theater of the battle. A gentle snow was covering with its mantle the uncounted slain on the field of Austerlitz when Napoleon made his way among the dead on his usual visit to the wounded in the wretched hospitals. He had lost probably 10,000 killed and wounded and the allies 25,000. La Jeune, an aid de camp, while crossing the field five days after the battle, came unon fourteen Russians, who, wounded and left on the ground where they fell, had dragged themselves together to keep warm, and two were still alive.

The grand army bivouacked in the camp from which they had driven the allies, and Napoleon congratulated his troops in a proclamation. "Soldiers, I am satisfied with you," was praise enough for them, coming as it did from their Emperor, who promised to lead them back to France, where "it will suffice you to say 'I was at Austerlitz' for the people to answer 'There stands a brave man!'" But many marches and battles lay between them and their homes, and thousands among that jubilant host were yet to find graves in alien earth.

By an imperial decree the Emperor adopted all the children of the men killed at Austerlitz, and conferred upon them the proud privilege of coupling with their own the name of Napoleon, which, ten years before, he himself had detested as too foreign-sounding in the ears of the French! He also gave a pledge to educate the orphaned at his expense; after that "the boys shall be placed in situations and the girls married by us."

The vanquished, with the fragments of their army, were wandering off in the direction of Hungary, but the Austrian monarch had left behind an envoy to sue for peace. This was the same Prince Lichtenstein whom Gen. Melas had appointed his commissioner to Napoleon after the battle of Marengo, and through the night the prince searched for the victor of Austerlitz, whom he found only at dawn in a miserable roadside tavern. He arranged a meeting of the two Emperors beside an old windmill, whither the Moravian farmers, in their big boots and big caps, still take grain to be ground.

There Napoleon looked upon an hereditary Emperor for the first time. "I receive you," he said to Francis, as he pointed to his bivouac, "in the only palace which you have permitted me to occupy the past two months." And Francis happily replied: "You have made such good use of it that I don't think you have any cause to complain."

The Austrian Empress, the stepmother of little Marie Louise, wrote her husband in great alarm lest the imperial family should be treated as prisoners. "Don't let me be taken to France," she pleaded. The Emperor, after his meeting with Napolon, sent her a reassuring reply. "I have been as happy," he wrote his wife, "as I could be with a conqueror who holds a large part of my kingdom. With regard to his treatment of me and mine, he has been very kind. It is easy to see that he is not a Frenchman." Kind as Napoleon may have been, he held on to Francis' capital and left Austerlitz only to return to Vienna and settle down in the palace of the beaten Emperor until the Austrians should meet his terms and ransom their empire.

In the negotiations which eventuated in the treaty of Pressburg, the Emperor Francis agreed to Napoleon's demands, ceded to him Venice and Venetia, thus giving up Austria's last foothold in Italy, and also parted with Dalmatia, the opposite coast of the Adriatic, which gave Napoleon many coveted harbors to shut against British commerce.

The peace of Pressburg not only cost Francis rich dominions, but it also cost him the respect of his allies. They had pledged themselves to stand or fall together and not to treat separately with Napoleon. Francis, however, finding himself without an army and cut off from his capital, had violated his promise to Russia and England.

The young Czar, although his first battle had disappointed his confident expectation of reaping a harvest of martial glory, refused to follow the Austrian Emperor into the conqueror's camp by the windmill. Without even a servant to attend him, he ran away to live to fight another day.

Death of Pitt.

One chieftain of the coalition received a mortal blow when the allied center was smashed on the field of Austerlitz. William Pitt, the British prime minister, was already nearing the end of the frail hold on life, when he heard of the fall of Ulm. "Heavy news," he sighed, and would have fainted but for timely assistance.

But he continued to cherish the hope of success even after Napoleon had entered Vienna. When, however, still heavier news arrived from the Moravian hills and what was described as "the Austerlitz look" came into his weary eyes, there is a tradition that he said, on entering his house and seeing a map of Europe on his study wall, "Roll up that map; it will not be needed again these ten years."

Yet he clung to the hope that Prussia would make good the loss of Austria from the coalition, and even as he was dying he anxiously expected the coming of a messenger across the North Sea with the Prussian pledge. "What is the wind?" he inquired. "East?" That will do, that will bring him fast." But the wind disappointed Pitt's last hope and left him murmuring his despair as he died, "My country! O, my country!"

Austria having no reason to enshrine Austerlitz, and the place being remote from the main roads of foreign travelers, the battle ground is little visited. The castle, which belongs to a Moravian family of counts, is more beautiful than a castle, its wall rising in a pretty park in the very center of the tidy village. As everywhere along "the Path of Napoleon," his memory eclipses that of all other guests of the castle, including the two Emperors whom he drove forth from its hospitality into a December night, and "Napoleon's room," "Napoleon's bed," "Napoleon's chair," and "Napoleon's table" are the proudest exhibits offered to the curious pilgrim.

While the battle tide flowed to the very walls of Austerlitz on the east, the western boundary of the scene of combat is fully eight miles away on the road to Brunn. Not far from the true center rises the green slopes of Pratzen, crowned by the only monument that marks the field of strife, a huge gray stone memorial erected on the centenary of the fight.

From those Pratzen heights the battle ground of the three Emperors rolls away in every direction, crossed here and there by the brooks that one day ran with the blood of many nations, and dotted over with the little stone villages that bore the brunt of the onslaught. The pond where the fleeing Russians were drowned, however, is no more to be seen, its bed having been drained and converted into tillage. For thrift is written across the entire face of the countryside, smiling in peace above the graves of the thousands who fell in battle, where the waving grain blossoms in their silent dust.

THE TORCHLIGHT CELEBRATION THE NIGHT BEFORE THE BATTLE

THE CZAR ALEXANDER (by Gerard)

THE BATTLE MONUMENT ON PRATZEN

GEN. LANNES REPORTING TO NAPOLEON IN THE HOUR OF TRIUMPH (by Gerard) (N.D. Phot.)

A DIAGRAM SHOWING HOW NAPOLEON CUT THE ALLIED ARMY IN TWO

MARSHAL SOULT (ROPES COLL. MASS. MIL. HIST. SOC.)

VERNET'S SKETCH OF "THE SUN OF AUSTERLITZ"

MEETING OF EMPERORS NAPOLEON AND FRANCIS

THE CASTLE OF AUSTERLITZ, FROM WHICH NAPOLEON DROVE TWO EMPERORS

Napoleon on the Men Behind the Guns

In war men are nothing; one man is everything.—(A note in 1808.)

NEXT SUNDAY—The Marriages of the Bonapartes and the Story of Betsy Patterson, the American Sister-in-Law Against Whom Napoleon Closed the Ports of Europe.